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TAZEWELL C. H., VA., FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1887.

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Constitution is	BRE SHREET	ñ
CURES	3	
Beratches, Sprains, Strains, Stitches, Stiff Joints, Backache, Galls, Sores, Spavin	Contracted Muscles, Eruptions, Hoof Ail, Borew Worms, Swinney, Saddle Galls, Piles.	SHOW THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY
	Soratches, Sprains, Strains, Stitches, Stiff Joints, Backache, Galls, Sores,	Sprains, Muscles, Strains, Eruptions, Stitches, Hoof All, Stiff Joints, Backache, Galls, Sorea, Swinney, Sorea, Saddlo Galla, Spavin Piles.

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accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mastang Laiment is found in its universal applicability. Everybody needs such a medicine. The Lumberman needs it in case of accident. The theorem is need in the case of accident. The Hensewife needs it for general family use. The Camleer needs if for his teams and his men. The Mechanic needs it niways on his work bench.

The Mechanic needs it niways on his work bench.
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The Stock-grower needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble.
The Birlivand sun needs it and will need it so long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers.
The Birlivand sunn needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life, linb and comfort which surround the ploneer.
The Merchinat needs it about his store among his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once.
Keep n Bottle is the House. The heat of conomy.

oconomy.

Keep n Bestle in the Factory, Itsimmediate
ties in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages.

Keep n Bestle Always in the Stable for
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TAZEWELL FEMALE SEMINARY

TAZEWELL C. H., VA. The Second Term of this lustitution will open on Monday the 24th of January, 1887. Those who expect to attend had best enter early to be taken into consideration in the

arrangement of classes

The First Term has been marked for harmony, Prosperity, and Dirigence; and the Second promises to be full of interest.

For terms apply to,
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# RADFIELD'S FEMALE A SPECIFIC FOR

WOMAN'S DISEASES Painful Suppressed Irregular

### LITTLE CHARLIE.

It was a gloomy half-lighted attle-room a tenement house. in a tenement house.

Not a pleasant place to die in, and per-haps it was just as well that poor Phebe Wells, in her restless delirium, fancied terself back in the sweet-scented orehard

weils, it is the sweet-scented oremand thome.

Meanwfille a child of four years old, with his-round face besmeared with dirt, and his flaxen curls tightly matted together with neglect, sat colled up in a vindow-seat, playing with a headless wooden-horse and singing softly to himself. What did little Charlio know of leath?

sooden-hors and singing soffly to himself. What did little Charile know of
leath?

"Sure, it's wanderin she is," said one
of the women who were sitting in the
room; "said enough to tire the patience
of the blessed saints themselves, sitting
here. There's the bit or a lutter she
ogan to write and hadn't strength to
linish. Whatshall we do with it?

"Burn it," shortly returns a wrinkled
old hag, who was already busy in turning
over the siender store of linen in the
wern hair-trunk to find something fitting for a shroud; "it's no use to anybody now, an she can't spake reasonable
as to where it is to go. Yes, yes, honey,
I know," as Phæbe stretched out her
attenuated hands with a wistful cry of,
"Charlle—you'll take Charlle home."

"Sure, an' it's that we will, "said the
old women chuckling, "We've got
nothin' clse to do, my fine lady, an'
lots o' money to spare, excursioning
round the country! Lie still, dear!"

But still she cried, "Charlle—Charlle!"
und the younger woman lifted the little
reature, still ellinging to his wooden
horse, on to the bed. Charlle opened
his blue eyes and began to cry.

"Mamma, what makes you look so
strange!"

She drow him so close down to her

SI

WELKS.

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Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, N.Y.

Well, an interval of the bed. Charlie away bewildered and terrified, and dispatched sone one of the "pauper's collin," which was to enfold the poor creatures are remained. "Nee Donnis, "an 'it's but fair, afther all the trouble we've had, Norah Macarty, we should divide the little she's left."

"Well, an 'tt's no more than fair, Norah, dear," said the Irishwoman suncethy; "an' you goin' to be married in a month, You kape the clothes, and we've we've and the Irishwoman suncethy; "an' you goin' to be married in a month, You kape the clothes, and we've had, norah fair, Norah, dear," said the Irishwoman suncethy; "an' you goin' to be married in a month, You kape the clothes, and 'we'll have the bit of a boy; he's just the child I want for peggin, since they took poor little Barney O'Toole away, worse luck to 'eas! two days."

"Well, an in the worse for yez. Did yo want a taste o' Molter Dannis' shirp?"

Charlie followed his rough guide, frightened into a trembling shence. Toor little creature! It was well that he was not old enough to realise the terribic fate now opening before him.

"Yez wouldn't belaw it, an' him so young," said Mrs. Dennis triumphantly, "Yez wouldn't belaw it, an' him so young," said Mrs. Dennis triumphantly, "Yez wouldn't belaw it, an' him so young," said Mrs. Dennis triumphantly, "Yez wouldn't belaw it, an' him so young," said Mrs. Dennis triumphantly, "Yez wouldn't belaw it, an' him so young," said Mrs. Dennis triumphantly, "Yez wouldn't belaw it, an' him so young," said Mrs. Dennis triumphantly, "Yez wouldn't belaw it, an' him so young," said Mrs. Dennis triumphantly, "Yez wouldn't belaw his a dopo 'yor beer, the two appless from the peddler's stand, an' an ash-box half full of liligant paper-mgs. Give him a dro

an' an ash-box half full of liligant paper-rags. Give him a drop o' yer beer, Mike, an' ye shall have baked potatics an' pigs-trotters for your supper, darlint!"

Mike, an' ye shall have baked potaties an' pigs-trotters for your supper, darlint!"

This was one of Charlie's lucky days. Sometimes he came home, blue with cold, pennyless, and without booty of any kind; and then Mrs. Dennis was as liberal in the use of the strap, and what is called "the rough side of her tongue," as she was in her rowards.

"Til run away when I'm big enough!" resolved the little six-year-old hero, many a night as he lay on his straw-pallet, with half-a-dozen other puny wretches as miserable as hinself, watching the penceful stars shining through the rafters overhead.

"Mrs. Dennis says my mamma's name was Bridget Lanigan, but it wasn't; it was Probe! She told me so once; and I had a wooden-horse to play with, and I used to say my prayers at night. I can't romember em now; and Pat Keelan says they'ro all trash-and-and-and-as forlorn a little wretch as night brooded over with her peaceful protecting wings of starry darkness.

But Charley did not run away. In the first place, there was nowhere to run to, and Charlie was sufficient of a conservative to remain quietly when he was sure of shelter and daily bread to eat; not always that, however, unless Mrs. Dennis was in good humor.

Then, child as he was, he felt himself to be a sort of parish in the outer world, his tiny hand aguinst everyman's, and everyman's and every

Mrs. Dennis was in good humor.
Then, child as he was, he felt himself to be a sort of parish in the outer world, his tiny hand against every man's, and every man's against him.
Such was the state of affairs, one December night, when our little hore came wailing home with purple cheeks and chilled figgers and toes, conclous that he had nothing to plead why he should not be sent supperless to bed.
But, to his astonishment, Mrs. Dennis was sill motherly affability, and Mike Dooley himself took him between his knees in front of the blazing fire, and helped to chafe his hands.
Alike, in general, being as brutal a ruffian as ever came in contact with the law. Charlie could not imagine what it all meant.

"It's two old maids of 'em livin' all alone," said Mrs. Dennis, resuming the conversation where it had been broken off at Charlie's entrance; "and there's a closet full of old plate, an' Norah says—Norah cleaned them, yez know—the staircase windy, openin' on the back street, would lot a good-sized cat in between the bars, and where a cat cant go our Charlie'sen. Wouldn't yez like that, Charlie dear, to help crack a crib?" Charlie stared wecantly into the fire,

like that, Charile dear, to help crack a crib?"

Charlle stared vacantly into the fire, and munched his crust of stale bread.

"All ye'll have to do will be to creep in atween daylight an dark, honey, and hide away like a mouse. Norah says there's an illigant place under the turn o' the back stairs, just where you get in a'most, and you can lie there as still as a kitten until they've gone to bed, and then, sure, it'll be alsy to steal out and unbolt the basement-door, and Mike and me'll be waitin'; an' if we get what we want, you shall have a brand-new suit of clothes, like Mickey Warren's, wid gould buttons an ivery-same."

Charile's cycs brightened somewhat.

"There'l you see he's all right," said Mrs. Donnis, nedding her head triumphantly at her coadjutor. "Sure it's a pleasure to dale wid the likes of him—always cheerful and willin."

"Oh, stow you blarney!" contemptu-

ously ejaculated the less rhetorical Michael: "What's the use o'words? If he'll go, he'll go, and that's the end on't. To-morrow night at eleven."

Mrs. Dennis acquisscod.

"To-morrow night, at eleven, I'll be waiting at the corner of the street wid a cloak and a big market-basket, an' I'll see that Charlie's there afore us."

The next afternoon, just as the wintry twilight was fading into the black, in-distinguishable dusk, Mrs. Domis skillfully propelled the slender, cat-like figure of little Charlie through the narrow iron bars of the staircrass-window.

She was just in time, for as she stooped again to poke in the depths of an old ash-harrel with her well-wom iron hook, a policeman lounged round the corner of the house.

"Halle, old woman! What are you doing hero?"

"An' is it they cinders ye'd grudge me?" whined Mrs. Beanis, "an' the fire going out on the hearth-stone, wid the six little ones blue with the cold? Arrah, an' its liard lines for poor folks, so it is, and Mickey Medargan, me husband, that is.—""Well, yell, you needn't make such

going out on the hearth-stone, wid the six little ones blue with the cold? Arrah, an' its inard lines for poor folks, so it its, and Mickey McGargan, me husband, that is—"

"Well, well, you needed make such a noise about it," deprecated the policeman strilling on.

And Mrs. Dennis smiled stealthily under her ragged red hood.

Meanwhile, Charlie, obedient to orders, curied himsoif up under the stairway, amid a lot of tin bath-tubs, disused furniture, and invalided saucepans, and went composedly to sleep.

How long he had slept he did not know, but the narrow stairway was lighted up by the glare of a candle when he wock, and a hand was on the ragged lapsis of his coat.

"Why, bless me, it's a child!"

"Nonsense, Nancy; it's only the cat!"

"I fell you it's a child, and ho'sasleep."

Another figure advanced into the yellow circle of flickering light thrown by the candle—that of a pleasant-looking woman, with a something in her face that made Charlie's heart stand still, and brought the long disused word manma involuntarily to his lips.

"How on earth came you here, little boy?" she asked, little less astonished than her companion had been.

Charlie glanced furtively about the room, in vain search for a loophole of escape; but there was none, and Charlie had no idea of searificing himself for the sakes of Mother Dennis and Mike.

"Mrs. Dennis put me through the window," he whispered, "and she and Mike are coming at eleven o clock to steal the spoors and things, and Tru to unboit the front door for en; and please ma'am, I nover did such a thing before, and I'm so cold, and—and—Charlie wound up his explanatory speech with a burst of very genuine tears, and serowed his little knuckles tightly into his round blue eyes.

"My goodness gracious!" ejaculated the clider lady.

"Bless us and save us!" shrieked the younger.

"It's a planned burglary," said Miss Nancy.

the younger. "It's a planned burglary," said Miss

"It's a planned burglary," said Miss Nancy.
"Send someone for the police!" screamed Miss Betsey bysterically.
"Yes," sobbed little Charlle, entering heart and soul into the new cause; "Set a policeman to stand back o' the basement sloor, an 'I'll open it, just as if nothin had happened. And, oh, don't you give me up-'s 'em, please please, lady, or they'll beat me to death an' sell me to the doctors afterwards:"
"Don't lee afraid, my little fellow," said Miss Nancy, who had been giving some orders in a hurried whisper.

grizzled old servant-maid who had stood

grizzled old servant-maid who had stood staring in the background. "Come with me. Why, how cold your hands are! No one shall harm you."

She led the sobbing, shrinking little urchin into a cosey parlor, where the crimson carpet and curtains seemed to reflect raddy lights from the plowing sea-coal fire, and the chandelier diffused a shaded histre through the room.

The walls were hung with soberly-tinted old family portraits, which seemed to stare down upon the bewildered child with eyes of reproach and curiosity.

"See Nancy! he is really pretty," said Miss Betsey, smoothing down the tangled curly hair as she led him to the fire. "And only see what blue eyes he has! Poor little soul! and so young, too—a mere baby! What is your name, child?"

"Charlie!"

"Charlie what?"

But the child shook his head.

"Only Charlie—and mamma's name was Phybe!"

At that instant, in his restless motions around, the little fellow caught sight of a portrait hanging in a recess, hitherto obscured from his gaze. He uttered a cry;

"Mamma!—that is Charlie's own

cry; "Mamma !-- that is Charlie's own mamma!"
"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Miss
Nancy, trembling in every joint; "what
does this child mean? That is our
Phobe!"

does this child mean? That is our Phache!"

"It is manma! Mamma's name was Phoche! and she had black hair just like that and big black eyes."

And the child, who had treasured up that one flower of memory in his mind for two long years, began to sob and cry pitifully;

"I want my mamma! they have taken her way from mo! Where is my mamma?"

Miss Bolsey rose up, pale and solemn.
"Nancy, it's a voice from the grave! It's Phoche come back to us, to put her little child's hand in ours! We have searched for her in vain these five years, now her orphan child has come straight to us!

searched for her in vain these five years, now her orphan child has come straight to us!

"Don't you see God's hand in it, Nancy? We disowned her, and sent her away, because she would marry the man she loved—we never relented when we heard she was left a widow, but we mourned and sought her long when it was too late?"

Her voice was atfied by tears, but little Charile was held close—close to her heart. The outcast babe—the little neglected pariah, had been led by the guiding hand of Providence straight to the home and the hearts that were waiting for him.

The policemen, summoned duly by old Margery, arrived, and were put on the watch. And when the basement door was stealthily unbolted, Mr. Dooley and Mrs. Donnis walked is traight into the arms of two burly detectives.

"It's that little chate o' the world who has befrayed as but I'll tear his heart out?" shr eked Mrs. Dennis vainly straggling with her captors. But Charile, holding tightly on to Miss Nancy's protecting hand, boldly defled her threats and Mike Dooley's deeper and more silent rage.

and Mike Dooley's deeper and more should rage Charlie was too young to know it, but he had escaped a fate worse han death. The two old-maid aunts took him into the vacant spot in their hearts, and Charlie learned for the first time in his life what it was to have a home.

"Some people talk of fate," Miss Botsey would say reflectively, "but I call it Providence. If you don't believe what I say, just let me tell you the story of our little Charlie!"

# TWO KISSES.

"Madam, will you give me something to eat?"
"Something to eat?" ropeated the lady,
a kind-looking matron of about thirtyfive, who had come to the door on seeing
a stranger approach, and cast a quick
comprehensive glance over his person

ago from his pocket, gaze long and carnestly at the pictured face it contained.

Frugal, abstemious, and self-denying as a hernit, his life appeared to have in it little to envy. But he had a goal before his mental vision of which they knew nothing—a goal to the attainment of which every deliar of his hard-garned wages, every energy of his life, were devoted.

Although apparently lost to the world without, Ralph was not forgotion.

One day a letter came for him; a thick cumbrous-looking envelope, directed in a large sprawling hand.

In the solitude of his little cell-like room, he appead it, and his pale cheek flushed with a look that was ecitasy.

Then fa.sed ten years more.

The brilliantly lighted parlors of Mrs. Remington's handsome mansion were falling fast with guests, when the hostess came forward to welcome a new conner—a lovely girl of twenty years, who was entering, accompanied by a gentleman, evidently her father.

"Good evening, my dear Maude!" she exclaimed, with a rapturous little squeeze of her hand. "I have delightful news for you—and all the other narriageable young ladles who will be here to-night!" with a gay laugh.

"I am to have among my guests to-night no loss a person than Mr. Wentworth, that elegant young man—I call him young, for he is only thirty-live—who has been winning so many laurels.

"He's a splendid-looking man, they say, and immensely rich—owns mining property. He is home for a short visit, and I've secured him for to-night." I will be sure to secure you as introduction to him."

"Do," replied Maude, smiling. Then she passed on to another part of the room.

Haif an hour later there was a slight bustle at the door, and a ripple of excomprehensive glaince over his person and attire.

"Oh, yes," she added, "Come in,"

"Who is it, mamma? asked a little cager voice, as a pretty child of six summers came from an inner room.

"Only a poor man, teer, who wanta something to eat," replied the lady.

"There now!" she continued, placing a well-filled tray upon the table. "Six down and help yourself."

The stranger obeyed.

A few words would have told his story. The only child of wealthy parents, Raipin Wentworth had lived to the age of twenty he case and luxury.

He had graduated with a fair record from college, but with no marked proclivities for any art or calling, save the very agreeable and congenial one of enjoying the good things of life.

Within a week after the brilliant feattrities that had celebrated his majority, his father had fallen dead in the street from a paralytic stroke, leaving the family penniless.

In a week more his mother had sunk

Ittes that had celebrated his majority, his father had fallen dead in the street from a paralytic stroke, leaving the family penniless.

In a week more his mother had sunk to the grave; and the petted indulged boy was left to face the world alone, with no resources save the few pounds that remained of his father's birthday gift.

With the first shock of bereavement over, friends clustered around him, ready to advise and eager to assist in the spending of his little patrimony.

That once gose, his friends went also. Ralph made a few ineffectual efforts to obtain some employment.

But where the heir of prospective thousands had been met with smiles and affability, the impecuations young man now encountered supercillous looks and incredulous shrugs.

Finally, filled with misanthropic disgust against these summer friends, he had greatly did with misanthropic disgust against these summer friends, he had greatly did with misanthropic disgust against these summer friends, he had greatly did quit Eugland, and go he cared not where.

On the morning after coming to this decision, while glancing almiessly over a paper, his eye fell upon an item describing the discovery of gold in California.

In an instant his reselve was formed. He would go there.

If his strength gave out before the goal was reached, so much the better; no one would care, no one would miss him.

It was in this mood that he had made his flist request for a meal, for the last fow pennies of his slender funds had forced a sigh from his lips.

"What makes you feel so bad?"

The little carnest volce, breaking in upon his painful roverle, aroused him with a start.

Sented in a little rocker, which she was gently swaying to and fro, with her hands folded in her lap, and her sweet wistful eyes fixed with a searching yet sympathude gaz as upon him, was Inbehald whose presence he had entirely forgotten.

gotton.

Her mether had left the room temporarily, and he had thought himself alone,
"Why lo you think I feel bad, little one?" "Recaise your face looks so sad, and you don'test mything hardly; and you almost a "3 just now," replied the little created from feet lampy?"

real charles have the real content of the real charles and the real charles are always that people—copie, I mean—are always that they only feel sad when happe they charles and the they only feel sad when onething wrong."

It is the copy of the content of the copy of the

"Will it make you you?"
"Wel, I will kiss And, rising from sterned to his able "how you will you?" at "Indeed; as earnest ansy one! That range indeed and the sterned to his able "Indeed; as earnest ansy one! That range indeed and that a me something."
Darting ay the room, with a small "See here, his knee. "I on some cardigave me this pleased with. He is a small in the room, and the room, and the room is the room is the room. I will give it is a small in the room, and the room is the room is the room is the room is the room in th

friend, and saying good."

"But will your this to me?" aske misgiving.

"Uh yes! I ask told her I wanted to to make you feel to wake you feel to wake you feel to wake you feel the soft little should come days, and to good, and no klas me a

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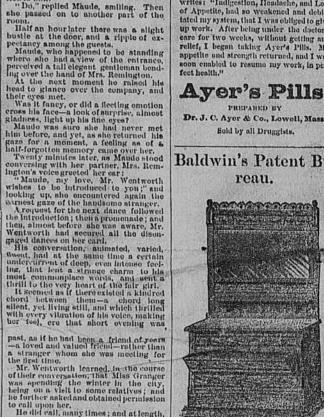
# SUGAR CATHARTI COATED

Headache, Nousea, Dizziness, and Drowsiness. They stimulate the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, to healthy action, assist digestion, and increase the oppetite. They combine eathertie, disretie, and tonic properties of the greatest value, are a purely vegetable commound, and may be combine cathartle, distretic, and tonic properties of the greatest value, are a purely vegetable compound, and may be taken with perfect safety, either by children or adults. E. L. Thomas, Framingham, Mass., writes: "For a number of years I was subject to violent Headaches, arising from a disordered condition of the stomach and bowels. About a year ago I commenced the use of Ayer's Pills, and have not had a headache since." W. P., Hannab, Gormley P. O., York Co., Ont., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the last thirty years, and can safely say that I have never found their equal as a eathartle medicine. I am mover without them in my house." C. D. Moore, Eigin, Ili., writes: "Indigestion, Headache, and Loas of Appetite, had so weakened and debilitated my system, that I was obliged to give up work. After being under the doctor's care for two weeks, williout getting any relief, I began taking Ayer's Pills. My appetite and strength returned, and I was soon enabled to resume my work, in perfect health."

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Furniture Drawer as used in Bureaus. This Drawer is one of the most valuable patents offered for sale-can be used anywhere.

being on a visit to some relatives; and he further asked and obtained permission to call upon her.

He did call, many times; and at length, one evening, heasid in the course of a long and carnest conversation:

"Miss Granger, ever since our acquaintance began, I have been wanting to tell you a story. Let me tell it now."

Drawing his chair closer to where she sat, Ralph Wentworth began a tale with most of which the reader is familiar. Then, continuing, he said:

"One day there came to that young man a letter centaining the notice of a hequest of four thousand pounds from a distant relative, lately deceased.

"The money, with what he had saved in those five years, completed the purchase of a claim that was the beginning of his fortune. Step by step he mounted the ladder of life once more, until gained commanding wealth, inthe friends, and, better than all, a honorable record.

"Then he came back to to find her who had angel all those years.
"Perhaps she had fowher he was the sweet of the one a tallengary of not even to Store-houses, Grain-bins, Bureaus, Tables, Writing-desks, 14 and many other pluges